

## A Man for All Seasons

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What if you reached the age of reason  
Only to find there was no reprieve?  
Would you still be a man for all seasons  
Or would you just have to leave?

We measure our days out in steps of uncertainty  
Not turning to see how we've come  
And peer down my highway from here to eternity  
And reach out for love on the run  
While the man for all seasons is lost behind the sun

Henry Plantagenet still looks for someone  
To bring good news in his hour of doubt  
While Thomas More waits in the Tower of London  
Watching the sands running out

And measures the hours out from here to oblivion  
In actions that can't be undone  
A sailor through darkness, he scans the meridian  
And caught by the first rays of dawn  
The man for all seasons is lost beneath the storm

And I should know by now, I should know by now  
I hear them call it out all around  
Oh, they go ah, there's nothing to believe in  
Hear them ah, just daydreams, deceiving  
They'll just let you down

So what if you reached the age of reason  
Only to find there was no reprieve?  
Would you still be a man for all seasons?  
Or would you just disbelieve?

We measure our gains out in luck and coincidence  
Lanterns to turn back the night  
And put our defeats down to chance or experience  
And try once again for the light

Some wait for the waters of fortune to cover them  
Some just see the tides of ill chance rushing over them  
Some call on Jehovah, some cry out to Allah  
Some wait for the boats that still row to Valhalla

While you try to accept what fates are unfolding  
While some say they're sure where the blame should be falling  
You look 'round for maybe a chance of forestalling  
But too soon it's over and done  
And the man for all seasons is lost behind the sun